

**the sequoya review**  
a literary and art magazine

**fall**

**1976**



# the sequoya review

THE UNIVERSITY OF TENNESSEE AT CHATTANOOGA  
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# forward

If you can see  
me  
in my words  
— if I have been heard,

then just maybe I  
will have a reason not to die  
today

but will stay  
despite the pain and strife,  
and do something with my life.

— CRISTOFER FRANCIS BLU





Virginia Brauer



“...the kairos of time, that is, the dynamic moments that one can distinguish from the measured ones or chronos.”

— ANNA BALAKIAN

# kairos

i am quicksilver,  
not contingent.  
i am emerald green suspension,  
like gel in golden fluid.  
stripped of skin, and eyes laid bare.  
matter dissolved,  
like time foolishly placed in a bottle.  
i circle an ever-diminishing circle.  
no longer counting beats.  
dancing within the dot of an i.

— ALLEN BOWEN



# blue jay

The easy calm peculiar to a quiet suburb on a summer Saturday provided a needed rest after an eventful week. Somehow, even the plaintive buzz of a lawn mower up the street and a muted drone from the interstate two streets away added to the special luxury of sleeping late and stretching a shower past any demands of cleanliness. I sat on the front steps savoring my second cup of coffee and watched the beginning rituals of a summer weekend. Mrs. Wells, who probably had been up for hours, was patiently weeding her vigorously-growing garden, each uprooted invader carefully placed on a newspaper to be chopped and added to a compost heap out back. Across the street, Dave Whitman was industriously overhauling his lawnmower just inside the open garage door, an activity sure to cease the instant Ellen left for the shopping center armed with Dave's paycheck. Two doors up from the Whitman's, the Landis' youngest daughter was arranging a blanket, radio and tanning oil for a day of sun bathing.

Smoky, a large, sleek, steel-gray Persian cat with smoldering green eyes, crossed the lawn stealthily, heading out with a secretive intensity on some imagined adventure. Crouching warily at a redbud tree no thicker than his tail, he surveyed the yard as though scouting enemy territory. Then he became a gray streak that disappeared into the hedge separating my yard from the Connors' next door.

As the steadily mounting sun erased the shade inch by inch, I began a meandering tour of the yard, pausing to gather a sack of beer cans from the ditch, tossed there during the night. I wound up near the neat little row of dogwoods planted there three weeks before; already there were clustering patches of new growth on each branch. Absently I knelt and began pulling up shoots of encroaching grass from the neat circle of brown earth beneath each tree, dropping the moist sprigs into the sack of cans.



A sudden, vicious snarl, followed closely by an aborted cry, startled me to my feet. I started walking towards the sound, which came from my back yard, and I rounded the corner of the house. There I saw Smoky, momentarily transformed into a closer relative of his jungle ancestors, grasping a weakly-struggling blue jay in his outstretched paws. As I watched, Smoky rapidly pinned the bird and slashed its throat with a deft stroke of bared teeth. Unaccountably, I thought how handsomely the delicate blue-and-white tones of the jay complimented the dusky hues of Smoky's coat. Then vivid red flow on final green grass, smoldering green eyes, glazing, terror-wide bird's eyes.

Once the fresh kill lay still in his paws, Smoky lost all interest in his sport. Giving the small toy one final, almost playful nudge with a furry paw, he backed off and gazed in curious wistfulness at the bird, as though wondering what more might be done with it. A passing car distracted his attention, and the bored housecat made off toward his cool lair beneath the house for a nap.

When Smoky was out of sight, I stared for a time at the slight bundle of feathers on the grass, and then I came over slowly to where it lay. I imagined the bird poised for flight, or feeding off bread crumbs on frosty winter grass, or clinging to a branch in a driving rainstorm, or digging industriously for the early worm. Then, ridiculously, I remembered those whimsical cartoon birds I watched as a child. No cat was ever quite able to catch those clever warblers; their interests were usually protected by some ferocious grandmother wielding an umbrella, or a stout, dimwitted bulldog with larger-than-life fangs and a heart of gold where little birds were concerned. I lifted the unbelievably light, limp jay in my hand and held it for a moment. I carried it to the garage, found an empty sack, and wrapped the jay in it carefully; I could feel a little warmth even through the bag. I went to the garbage can and lifted the lid, but then I closed it again and got a small shovel.



Later in the day I returned to the place where the jay had lain and found a tiny delft-blue feather on the grass. For no reason of which I was then conscious (though perhaps I know now in a way), I carried the feather inside and placed it in a decorative jar on a bookshelf. Looking out the window toward the dying red twilight, I saw the Connors' seven-year-old daughter wheeling a baby carriage across the lawn. She stopped and Smoky sprang out, wearing a doll's dress and bonnet. Somehow I could no longer even sentimentally begrudge Smoky his fleeting moment of feral jungle dignity.

— TERRY LEPLEY



# october wind

I know the yellow leaf  
that rides on the crisp air -  
a dead rider  
I have seen before  
    yet didn't see  
and it is sad I only notice in death.

Why do I know?  
Because the leaf is a memory  
    on the winds of life -  
    my life  
and only now  
    thinking back  
do I despair that it is a memory  
I didn't fully live  
    only saw but didn't see  
before the frost breath of October came  
    before the brown of winter.

— CALDWELL DAVIS

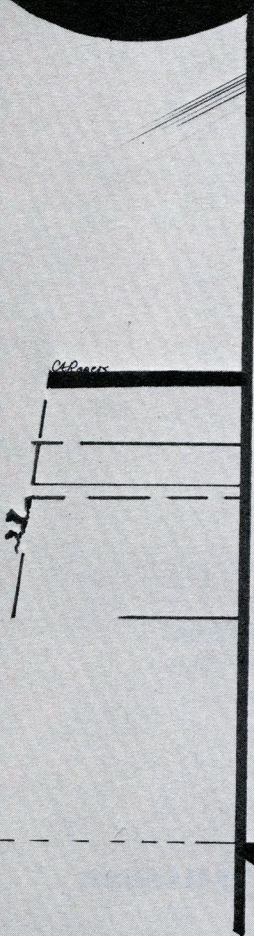
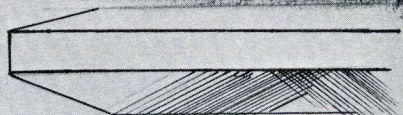
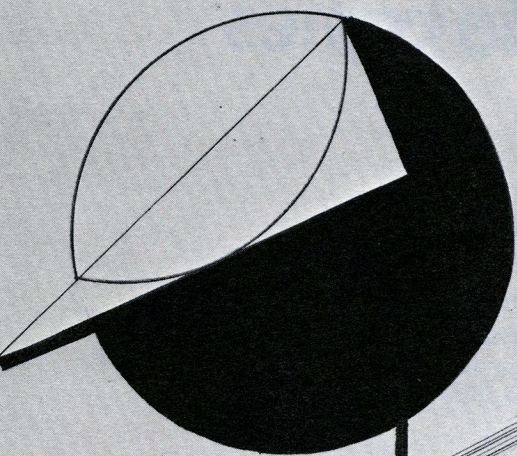


# slowly, quietly he comes

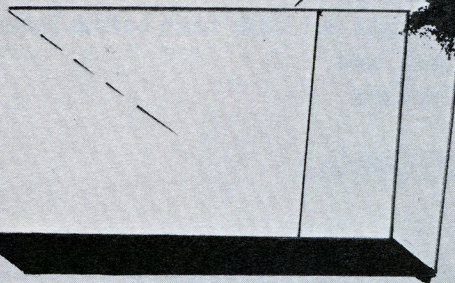
Slowly, quietly he comes  
Walking towards me  
As if in a dream,  
As if he doesn't touch the ground.  
It would soil him somehow, I think.  
He beckons me to come closer  
And like a moth, he draws me to his flames.  
He seems to wish me with him,  
But he comes to me no more.  
I must cross the barrier,  
For he cannot.  
I wonder why, and yet, I know;  
Still more, I do not wish to know.  
I try not to know him  
Yet I know what he is  
And still I draw closer.  
The flame grows closer and encompasses me.  
Now comes the fear, but now is too late.  
The time for flight is past.  
The game is finished and he has won.  
I wonder why I fought him  
For he always wins.  
No one has ever defeated him.  
No one has ever courted his favor.  
The fight is a waste,  
Yet we all fight our futile little battles against him.  
We can only lose  
For he is death.

— VICKI LEE-CUMMINGS HANNAH





Old Power





# kitty hawk

Twelve seconds, as to the birds modest.  
But as to man, featherless hunter,  
The first to arrive in the high hunt.  
The goats and the she-goats climb the hills,  
The eagle starkly rises upward,  
The hawk is a plummet of descent,  
The albatrosses crave the waters,  
And have and shall, according to kind.  
We, more and less natural, arrived  
At a stretch of level sand, and claimed  
Dominion, the first time, of the sky.  
Twelve seconds only. It was enough.  
Conscious of history, two men made,  
Bicycle makers, a strange machine  
Which lifted itself into the air,  
Carrying a man on its cloth back,  
And on a level course sailed forward  
To land in a world that it had made.

— PAUL RAMSEY



# white melancholy

## I

Beyond the porch, the lilacs sag like  
blackened breasts of old women.  
Dorsals of spotted mushrooms jut from the  
side of a hollowed oak.  
Crows fill its empty branches---  
My daughter tells me it's  
the leaves have turned to crows.  
She sits, waiting for dusk to prune them.  
Theirs is a song whose weight is carried  
darkly, unevenly, on her back.

## II

All day we have watched as  
the hawk sprawled upon the sky,  
the salmon falling to rapids,  
the hunched snail, each thing that lives,  
repeats the quiet shape of death.  
Now, towards evening,  
the songs that day has hoarded begin:  
for the frog, squat in the mud,  
bloated with dusk, it is  
a song beyond the fossil of the moon,  
for the cricket, beneath the bricks,  
a song of regret no repeating may cure.



### III

The smell of cows still rests by the pond  
where this morning I showed my daughter  
mermaid weed, crowfoot, coontail--

animals, she seems to think,  
whose death has made them plants.

Down the road, a man  
leans like a gun against our fence;  
his face is the brittle crust of bread  
a widow throws to sparrows.

He is brushing the deerflies  
detailing the silence around him.

What can I tell this daughter who watches  
him watch the moths fly at our porch  
lantern, burning, glowing longer than  
life is left in them?

— RICHARD JACKSON



# the son

The beer can, thrown viciously, flew across the room, striking the picture sitting atop the television, knocking it to the floor, breaking the glass.

She cursed her life, her very existence, her meager job which never brought in enough money, a six-pack a day, and ten million hours of television a week. Nothing. Anger, aided by the alcohol, welled within her.

She walked across the room and picked up the picture from the floor. The wedding picture. Steve.

She missed Steve, her friend, her lover, her husband. So kind, so giving, so handsome in his uniform. And now so dead. She didn't even have a gravesite to visit. There hadn't been enough left to bury.

Steve had left her one thing, but the thought of it caused her jaw to bulge, her muscles to tighten, her anger to turn to fury. A son.

Her son. Her baby boy. Her handsome, cuddly baby boy, the one whom she had at one time believed would grow up to be the President, or a doctor, or a lawyer. The son she had loved with all her heart.

Then the doctors told her the horrible truth-- her son was deaf. The defect was irreparable. But with special education he could learn, one day, to talk.

She tried. God, how she tried. With Steve overseas, it was hard, but she gave her son everything she had, her heart, her very soul.

She fell apart after hearing the news of Steve's death. Soon there was no more feeling, no more hope. She drank, she grew fat, she grew old in spirit. Time marked her face cruelly. There was never enough money. Yet all the while she paid a special school \$5,000 a year to teach her son to talk.



That was what really burned her: the money. After three years at the school her son still could not speak, not a single word. He could only make unintelligible grunts, indistinguishable groans.

She wanted the money for herself. She always had. But she had felt a sense of duty to her son, an obligation to help him. Now she no longer gave a damn. She wanted the money. With it she could get a new house, a new car, a new life. To have friends again, to be loved again-- that was what she wanted, really wanted. To be loved.

She walked into her son's room and, as she did, her son looked at her, smiled, raised his hand and made several gestures with his fingers.

The fire in her eyes danced as she saw his gestures. This was what she had been waiting for. The teachers at the school had told her that, as part of the process, her son was not to use sign language. He would have to learn to rely on his voice for communication. They had said that if any parents saw their child using sign language, they were to slap the child gently, but firmly, on the hand, to discourage the use of non-verbal communication.

The child repeated the gestures. He saw his mother draw back her hand to slap him but thought nothing of it. He saw it as a game they played every night at bedtime: a gesture, a gentle slap.

The blow caught him on the side of the head, the force of it knocking him to the floor. He screamed, a guttural cry of terror and fear.

She walked from the room, laughing, her mind made up. The next day she would withdraw him from the school, place him in a state institution, and be forever free. To search-- for love, for her life.

\* \* \*

"I'm sorry you feel that way," said the teacher. "Your son was beginning to show signs of progress."



"Well, I'm sorry, too, but there are other considerations."

"What do you plan to do with him?"

"There are state institutions."

"But surely..."

"Dammit, I'm tired of this. You have taken my money and given me nothing in return. He still uses sign language, for Christ's sake."

"Yes, but we've told you how to deal with that. When..."

"I do slap his hands. It does no good. Every night he makes the same gestures to me. I slap his hands, but it does no good."

The teacher was silent for a moment. "Do you know the gestures he makes?" the teacher asked.

She thought. "I believe so. Yeah, this is it."

She watched the teacher's reaction to the gestures. He stared, seemingly at nothing, then hung his head. "Sad," he murmured.

"What? Hell, don't just sit there like Almighty God. Tell me what he said!"

The teacher looked deep into her eyes, into her very soul, and said, "Your son was saying 'I love you.'"

— EDDIE FOX



# the indian scout

Mountain top, at last, I reach  
To watch for raiding tribesmen.  
Then, my people I will signal  
With smoking fire; they can see,  
But hid from eyes unfriendly.  
Waiting, much can be seen from here:  
"Mountain coming to a point,"  
Southward lies; my mountain and  
The one across, a deep chasm make;  
Eastward, across a valley wide  
Runs, north to south, a low ridge  
By a river stopped, on the north end;  
Shining ribbon meandering  
The valley through, and curving  
Wide at mountain base, a moccasin  
Makes, huge and green, and good for  
Living. We hope to keep it so.  
Wondering, too, about a man  
Pale-skinned, wise and kind, who wants  
To show us how to "talk" by  
Making marks, queer, on clay.  
All like him, little ones, too,  
In spite of strange clothes and odd  
Manner of worshipping "The Great  
Spirit." How long, ere wearying,  
Will he try to teach new ways to  
Such as I.

— MARIE SCHEIDT







# modern woman

Gazing in mad mirrors,  
Seeking cover girl reflections:  
Pouting lips, hair thrown wild  
Portray the captured tigress;  
Silks, satins, furs, sparkles,  
Adornments for head to toe.  
And why?

She stalks the fluorescent aisles  
Searching through tinsels and bows;  
Select the perfect piece and you'll be wanted.  
The enigma of her mind only puzzles those who ponder,  
Her spirit, like a rushing stream, not to be harnessed,  
Wanting to be wanted, yet wanting more.  
And why?

Swimming - through perfumes and colors,  
Trying them all in search of an image.  
Bottles and pots all promise miracles.  
Maybe it works for a while,  
But colors run, bright eyes fade,  
Assembly line fabrics fall to the floor.  
She stands before the mirror, searching.  
The blotches and wrinkles leap to her image.  
The Woman's midnight mirror tells all  
In solitude.  
Shining drops trickle down her bare cheek.  
And why?

— JANE WARREN



# times out of season

Today it rained,  
And I thought of you.  
As I ran to your house from my car,  
I could feel the drops hit me cold and sharp.  
(You were cold and sharp.)  
I was drenched with the winter's rain,  
Such a winter's rain.  
And I could remember the week before  
The weather was warm like spring,  
Warmer than usual, they said, for this time of year.  
But things are different now.  
The newspaper said it was a new front moving through;  
Yet, I can only look behind to see  
Grey clouds low and questioning.

— LARRY THOMPSON



# untitled

My garden sties a lycanthrope  
and, in the greens, a bloody pope.

Along the row lurk malcontents,  
and, there, a fool his body rents.

In the moonlight's ghastly streams  
poison sleeps with baneful dreams.

My hectic plants the grey slugs eat  
like bravos ravening life the cheat.

A dead man's hand grows up  
nigh lettuce we are like to sup.

Dark vines run riotous and rank  
over corpses soft and dank.

Lust and incense, the pillar's bore,  
wilted flowers, maids no more,  
triple murder, growing plot,  
all aswarm with worm and bot:

In this I (the grower) find  
Manure for the garden in my mind.

— R. C. FULTON



# charles lumbricidae: worm

Charles Lumbricidae, also known as Charline, was an earthworm, which means that he had limited horizons. Not only was an existence beyond the established extremes never considered, but also, it never occurred to Charles, or to other Lumbricidae, to consider the notion. Neither did it occur to them to consider whether their lack of considering was good or bad. Instead, the Lumbricidae contented themselves with filling the void created by their mass.

Following the lead of older and wiser Lumbricidae, Charlie had grown long, sleek, fat, and shiny. His color, from just below his head to near the end of his tail was a lustrous cinnamon, which faded at his extremes to a pale cream. The sexual annulus had grown wide and strong, and in the course of his life Charlie had fathered or mothered sixteen generations of Lumbricidae, about which he was neither proud nor humble. Free from doubt about his sexual predilections — he was equally at ease in either current, an indubitable bisexual — Charlie suffered no hang-ups. He lived well. Fat, strong, of exquisite grace, he was a paragon of the common Lumbricidae. While he had heard of Lumbricidae who had rejected established canon to explore the upper reaches of the world, only to be forgotten, never seen again, Charlie denounced adventure as the path of fools. He struck a middle course, neither too high nor too low. It was rich, comfortable, satisfying, and he yearned for nothing more.

Nevertheless, even the most stolid, comfortable, secure, rock bottom stable of serenity can crumble like loose sand. Charlie learned. His story is his education. What follows is Charlie's adventure, as it were, a painful prescription for a change of direction, a new life.



One day, despite Charles' care to maintain his course, he found himself struggling with a horror he neither created nor expected. The cool earth, through which he bored leisurely and gracefully, gleefully ingesting the delicacies the good earth offered, began to quake and tremble. Then there was a shuddering, a ripping and a tearing, and his whole world began to rise. A cold surge of horror began pounding in his breast. Upward? He knew he dared not. He had been told many times of the danger. He had heard the warning until, like an echo, the words boomed repeatedly in his mind. His whole body trembled. He changed direction. Downward he coursed through the rising earth as fast as he could burrow, yet the earth rose faster. He redoubled his efforts; they remained insufficient. He could not dig faster than the earth climbed. He surrendered to the obvious and waited for the ultimate.

He did not have long to wait. As quickly as it had risen, the earth reversed direction and slammed to a halt. It crumbled like a wet ball of sand thrown against a stone wall. Silence followed, an eerie silence, more silent than the silence he knew; thus, terrifying. Around him lay other Lumbricidae who had been caught in the upheaval. They were stunned, like he, lost, and frightened. They lay on a vast, strange plane in an alien element he had before encountered, but never on so large a scale. He was unhurt. He lay still, thinking what to do next. He saw the other Lumbricidae moving slowly, cautiously, unsuredly around him. All of them, he thought, are searching for the serenity of the inner space out of which they were savagely torn. He must search too. The heat of this new element burned through his moist skin, and Charles knew that if he were to survive, he must soon find cover. He must plunge into the cool, dark earth and relieve the intolerable heat, yet, as soon as he began his search, he knew escape was hopeless.

Charles became aware of a presence different from any creature he had ever encountered. This was not a slug, not a grub, not a hardbacked beetle nor a softbacked, not a centipede, millipede, roach, nor the dangerous red ant with its ferocious sting, not even the enormous mole whose savage claws could rip a worm into halves. This was bigger



and more powerful than all the beasts of the earth. In all his life Charles had never been so frightened. Blindly, without thought, he threw himself under a bit of broken earth not much larger than himself. He lay absolutely still, paralyzed by fear, but as he had guessed, his efforts were useless. The strange creature lifted him so high and fast that Charles gasped with fear and surprise, and as quickly as the thing had lifted him, it threw Charles indifferently into a container.

He fell against a very hard surface with an ugly smack. It was cold. It was the kind of surface Charles sometimes found in the earth, which directed that in order to proceed, one must first go around. There was no going around this surface, however, and Charles learned quickly that he was trapped. In a moment, other members of the Lumbricidae family were roughly dropped into the container with him, and they were buried, rather abruptly and indelicately, under a thick layer of earth. A silence followed. They were being moved, but they were not moving. Each Lumbricidae, weighted by the extreme tension of upheaval, calamity, and fearful anticipation, buried himself in his peculiar thoughts. This was not a time for communication, but concentration. One had to control one's thoughts lest he wail and bawl. The motion without motion continued. The lump of earth above them vibrated and hummed strangely, and occasionally lurched and bounced. Without their consent, they had been thrust into an existence none of them had desired, or even required.

The movement eventually stopped. A brief pause followed. Suddenly, the black earth opened and Charles was discovered beneath the transient protection of the lump of dirt. He was hoisted. He heard the other Lumbricidae's fearful gasp and a helplessness engulfed him and a great sadness overcame him. Everything, now, was beyond his control. The enormous thing held him laterally and he was being jostled and controlled as though he were not a consciousness, but so much clay. Then, inexplicably, unreasonably, outrageously, the pain began, pain so intense as to be indescribable, unearthly pain, shrieking, blood pounding, paralyzing pain unlike anything known to



the Lumbricidae, and in the blinding sear of pain it occurred to Charles that his fate must be that of those Lumbricidae of the myths, who had ventured too far from the cool, dark core of the earth. He was both frightened and overcome with grief that other creatures like him could endure such pain without disintegrating. How long and how much, he pleaded repeatedly, yet the pain continued. It was as though he had impaled himself on an incredibly sharp root, and struggle as he might, there was no escape. The pain rushed down his back, further and further until the full fat length of him was consumed in a fire. He stopped struggling, yet the pain persisted, persisted in movement and intensity. He felt his skin break near his tail with a sickening pop, and he found himself surrounding a shaft which penetrated nearly the length of him. He became nauseous. The great thing holding him had released him, and he found himself alone on the shaft. He felt he would soon die, and the immediacy of that thought caused him even greater pain. He found himself in the thoroughly unsettling position of reconciling himself to a totally unexpected, inexplicable, and untimely death.

What does it all mean, he thought? What substance has it? He, having not established priorities beyond the immediate regard for his needs, was not in the habit of considering events as substantive; however, in his present peril, the events of his life took on fresh immediacy and a new, very personal meaning. I have been born into unaccounted humility, he continued, and I shall die in that same graceless state. I am a worm who will simply vanish, and who will hear my whisper or my sigh?

There was no time for an answer. A force of unspeakable ferocity caught him and threw him so violently through the air that he was nearly torn from the shaft. He screamed with pain and surprise and with fear as much as with either of them. He flew very fast and landed with a hollow plop in a deep pool of water.

The flesh was no more surprised than the mind. Water? He asked himself. Water? He was amazed. The substance which had taken control of his life seemed to want to



preserve it only to torment it. Torn from the earth, buried by the earth, wracked with pain, soothed by cooling water; he was tormented to be saved and saved to be tormented. It was a mystery he could not fathom, and his fear and horror began transforming into anger. He began to struggle fiercely on the shaft. He raged against this mysterious, indifferent power.

"What is going on," he yelled, at no one in particular, but demanding an answer just the same, "what the hell is going on?"

He heard no answer. But a new creature, totally alien, long, round with strange flat protrusions which waved rhythmically in the water, hove into view. Its mouth was enormous, but still of a size that Charles could comprehend. At first it was merely a shadow, a flashing, an image, moving quickly, silently, gracefully, powerfully, and treacherously toward him. As it moved closer, it assumed definite features and became more fearsome, more terrifying, more awesome and majestic, and more bent on eating him.

"Oh, Worms!" cried Charles.

With a fury ignited by fear, Charles exploded into activity. He flailed blindly on the shaft. He tore to the right and then to the left, then to the right and the left again, and he felt the skin the shaft had punctured ripping and weakening, and he was frightened by it, but not half so frightened as he was by the fast approaching, engulfing maw. The mouth moved closer. The pinioning shaft would not respond; he could not free himself. Charles' blood pounded in his vein until he felt as though he had swallowed a live mite.

"Where is my salvation?" he screamed. No one responded. "Where is my salvation?"

The creature continued his approach. Charles quit his struggle. Panting heavily from his exertion, he braced himself for the end. Salvation, it seemed, was not to be provided.

Meanwhile, back at the container, like so many lowly grubs, the other Lumbricidae, wondering about Charles,



waited passively in strained silence, yet they knew, all of them, that they would not see him again. Among them, his name had already become unspeakable. None would mention him; speculation on his fate was painful, fearful, terrifying even, because whatever had happened to him was almost certain to happen to them, and whatever that was, none cared to know. They clustered at the bottom of the container in the coolness, in the moist, black, concealing earth. They sought comfort in each other's presence, but not in truth. With the dark earth above them, there was a moment's rest. How long it would last no one knew, for among them no one had ever ventured to this level and returned to teach survival. They trembled in silence, mute and deaf, unwilling to venture beyond the known. For Charles it was already too late; his life had assumed a new dimension, and they did not care to know what it was. Charles very quickly could have told them that it was the height, depth, and breadth of the inside of a big mouth, had they been within earshot. They were not. They were a world's distance away.

As the open mouth rushed forward to swallow him, Charles could only shut his eyes, tighten his body until it quivered, and grimace. The jaws opened above him, moved quickly forward over his body, and thunderously snapped shut.

A moment or two passed before Charles realized that he was alive. He was in the creature's mouth. The powerful jaws, when they shut, had missed his tender body and had clamped shut on the same shaft which bound him. Charles, if he had not hurt so much, would have laughed at the irony of it. Instead, he breathed a great sigh of relief. But then he realized that he lay against the wet, clammy flesh of the creature's jaws, and that there was no way to move from them.

"This, too?" he asked, but there was no time for more questions. Something, he was not sure what, had triggered an explosion of such rage and fury that it was totally outside Charles' experience.



The creature plunged, leapt, pulled to the right, veered to the left, struggled furiously against the solid shaft, but it would not yield. On and on the struggle continued. Once again the creature plunged, and once again it leapt. It pulled violently against the unyielding shaft. It sped left, right, up and down, plunging and churning with all the power it contained. If Charles had not hurt so much, he would have joyfully shouted. What a ride! What a delicious, grand, incredible volley of travel! No worm had ever moved like this.

But the shaft, as Charles had learned, gave no quarter, nor did it often make exceptions. The creature was bound to it. He would not escape; still, the fight persisted. Despite his pain and anger, Charles admired the creature, whatever it was. It fought and fought until no fight was left in it, and when it had finished, and the fight ended, the force that had bound them together began pulling them to a destination which was a mystery to both. They were bound in a flight of unknown origin to an unknown end. Spent, defeated, the creature opened its enormous mouth, and the shaft turned in its lips so that Charles found himself still on the shaft, but outside the creature's mouth.

The creature began speaking to him - with difficulty because it was very tired and the angry, bleeding wound in its lip hurt very much - which surprised Charles. He was no longer afraid; the beast was obviously no longer seeking food, so he relaxed and tried to ease his pain.

"So now we are both trapped," the creature said.

"Yes," Charles answered, feeling he should apologize but uncertain why.

"I suppose it was time for me," the beast added. "I've been alive a very long time. I've escaped many traps, swum in many pools, lived well, loved, and now...now, I'm just tired."

"But you can't surrender," Charles replied. "I've never seen such a fight. You were magnificent. Rest a moment, try again, don't give in."



He did not understand why - the creature had, after all, just tried to eat him - but he felt a great pity for it and a sadness, a sadness unutterable, deeper than any feeling he had ever felt, such a one as to puzzle him and leave him perplexed.

"Is acceptance surrender?" the creature asked.

"Yes," Charles answered firmly.

"Most times, I suppose. This time, I'm not sure. I feel as though I've just come to terms, as though I've traded equally, measure for measure. That's the kind of acceptance I mean. Is that surrender?"

"I...I don't know," Charles answered.

It was then that Charles realized that he was bound only by a small stretch of his skin, a tiny length of flesh, easily parted. He could tear it and risk death, or perhaps be a cripple the rest of his life, half a worm, or wait to see what the force was going to do to him. Either way was a gamble. Either choice could mean death. Ultimately, as he examined the question, Charles saw he had to choose. Either he would risk ending his life or having it ended for him.

He struggled to break the small portion of the bond remaining. The pain was severe; he nearly passed out, but he persisted, ignoring the pain, and continued fighting.

"I can get free," he whispered breathlessly to the beast.

"Oh?...Good, good. You must if you can."

"Yes...There...I'm free." He breathed a great, great sigh of relief.

"Good," the creature said. "Goodbye, and good luck to you."

"Thank you, and goodbye," Charles replied.

"Goodbye," the creature called one last time, and Charles watched it being hauled irrevocably into the grayness above his head.

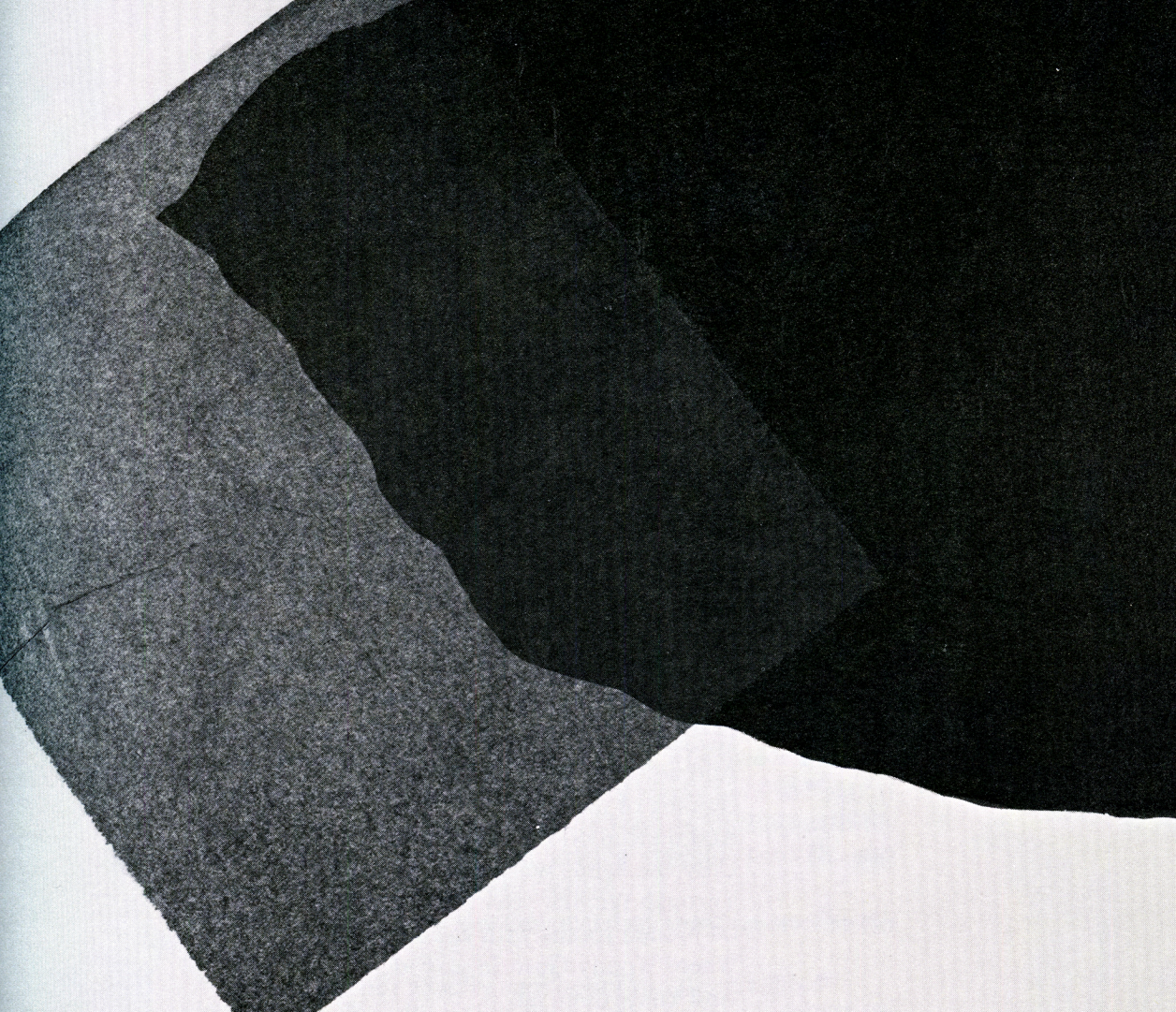
Earthworms, although they learn slowly, learn well. Charles freed himself, and after a long moment of struggling to reach the earth, he was home again and burrowing deep into a sandy loam. The cool, damp earth relieved the burning, cicatrizing wound, and in time Charles learned he was going to survive.



He returned to the Lumbricidae. Scarred, wearied, a veteran, he was quickly a hero, then a threat, then a villain. Since his experience had taught him something of self-reliance, he soon learned to be alone. He spent his time searching for other Lumbricidae with similar experience. He did not understand how or why, but ever since his recovery, he felt too large to be contained in just one body.

— MIKE LANE



An abstract graphic at the top of the page features a large, dark, irregular shape that resembles a torn piece of paper or a shadow. This shape is set against a lighter, textured background that also appears to be torn or layered. The overall effect is one of raw, organic form.

whoso would be a man must be a noncon-  
formist

ralph waldo emerson

*Walden 71*



# a tribute to woody

## A TRIBUTE TO WOODY

Woody never had to read or type  
For room and board  
And he never worried about taxes  
Death in his eyes was a happening  
But only to other people  
With big mugs and little brains  
A cleverly mounted tin cup  
On the end of his guitar  
Made his fortune a coin at a time  
And between beers and butts  
He sang of hardships  
And danced on the tables until  
Only the winds whispered his strings  
Through familiar streets and crevices  
Of hidden rooms with vacant friends  
Where Woody Guthrie played  
And knew them all.

— CORKY MOON



# the calling

Doris Morgan mixed a second martini for herself. She looked nervously from her husband to her son and then took a long sip from her glass. Allen was home from school for the weekend. He had announced at supper that he needed to talk to them a little later because he had something very important to say. Doris was sure that he had gotten some girl in trouble and was getting married. Allen was such a handsome boy that no girl could resist him, and if she had to get pregnant to get him, well, that was just a part of the game. Still, he was their only child and she had hoped for a nice wedding for him with lots of people and champagne—a really plush affair. She looked away from Allen to her husband Hank. His face was drawn into worry lines. Doris knew he was trying hard to “play it cool,” the policy he had always used in dealing with his son, but the suspense was getting to him, too. He also suspected that Allen was in trouble.

“Well, Son, here we are, just the three of us. What’s troubling you?”

“Dad, I’m not exactly sure how I should put this.”

“Don’t be silly. You know I’m not one of those old-fashioned fathers. I’m with it. Why, your mother and I have even smoked pot—er, grass, I mean. We try to keep up with you young folks. So don’t worry, Allen. Whatever the problem is, I’ll—we’ll understand.”

“Dad, I’ve decided that I don’t want to be a lawyer. You see, I have received Christ as my Saviour and He has called me into the ministry. I know it’s not exactly what you planned for me, but...”

“Wait just a minute! You have accepted who as your what?”

“Christ, Dad. He has become the Master of my soul and He has led me to realize that I have a calling in the...”



"I don't give a damn who's called you where. I have invested quite a lot in your education and you're not going to throw it down the drain because of some weirdo calling."

"Now, Hank, let Allen explain. I'm sure he doesn't mean that he doesn't want to practice law. I mean, he could practice law and preach, too. Couldn't you, Allen?"

"No, Mom. Once Christ has claimed you there's no half-way path. I hope in time both of you will understand my decision. My greatest joy in life would be to help both of you see the Light, too. Perhaps in time..."

"Help us see the light!" Hank Morgan's face had taken on a purplish tinge and his eyes seemed to be rolling around and around. "Our son's a goddamned raving maniac. My boy the preacher. Oh, my God--a preacher!"

"Hank, your heart! Calm down, dear. Here, I'll fix you a drink."

Allen walked slowly toward his father, who was in a state resembling strangulation.

"I'm sorry, Dad. Oh, if only you could be washed in the Blood of the Lamb as I have been. Born again in the same sinful body but pure as He was pure. There's no feeling like it."

Hank Morgan struggled to his feet. He thrust his arms out toward his son and grabbed him by the neck. His son, for whom he had had such dreams of glory. My son, the rich lawyer, he would think. My boy, the defender of justice, the prosecutor of the wicked. Hank Morgan's son. Hank Morgan, who had fought his way to the top. Even with his money, he was still Hank Morgan, but his son could be a real somebody. Maybe the father had cheated a lot of people to get where he was, but the son would be great enough for people to forget that. A sudden pain flashed across Hank's chest and his breath caught sharply. Both arms went slack and he crumpled to the floor.



The ambulance came too late. Hank had had two other heart attacks, and the doctor had said then that another one would kill him. Both Allen and his mother had known that, and both had sheltered him from upsets--until now. Doris felt a numbness come over her body as she sat on the living room couch. Her lawyer was quietly spelling out first this matter and then that one. The estate was a large one, and it was to be divided between Allen and herself. Allen listened attentively. He had seemed so cold and calm. Perhaps he felt guilty about his father's death. After the lawyer left, she moved to his side to offer him comfort and forgiveness.

"Allen, you mustn't blame yourself. I know you didn't realize that your entering the ministry would be such a blow to your father. These things just happen, dear. At least you have your marvelous faith to comfort you. When will you begin your ministerial training?"

Allen walked slowly to the liquor cabinet. "There's no hurry, Mother. I'll help you here at home for a while. No need to rush into things."

Doris was pleased by her son's devotion. "Oh, Allen, you are such a good son. I must admit that I'm not really much of a Christian. I've never understood why God lets things like this happen."

Allen took his mother's hand. There was a funny gleam in his eyes that made Doris shiver. "Well, Mom, it's like this. 'The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away,' and with a little help from His friends, the Lord giveth as He takes away."

— KATHY PINKERTON



# fame

As the old man trudged wearily up the hill, snowflakes began to fall from the bleak sky. The pavement was cold and icy, and he struggled to maintain his balance on the slippery surface. His stooped back and gray hair implied years of work and worry. He frowned as the wind blew the brittle flakes of ice across his face. He looked ahead to the building that crowned the hill, which promised a warm haven from the bitter cold. A smile drifted to his lips, expressing his vague hope. Surely they would remember him. After all he'd done, surely they would.

A gust of warm air lifted his tattered hat from his head as he opened the glass door. He ignored the loss and concentrated on the hope that lay ahead. He was home! Superstar (that was what they'd called him *then*) was home.

He walked down the corridor to the trophy case, his footfalls echoing strangely in the empty hall. Smiling as sweet memories flooded his mind, he began to read the gold plaques on each trophy. Names of teammates, names of coaches, his name—they were all there. And to think, he was more often represented there than anyone else. Yes, he was home.

A familiar bell rang. Classes changed, and students and teachers emptied out into the hall. It was Friday, so the football team members wore their jerseys. What a blessing to see those colors! A pang of jealousy stabbed through him when he saw the tall, straight young players with their broad, unstooped shoulders. Now no one said "Hello"; everyone just glanced at him and hurried on. The faces were all so strange and the voices so unfamiliar. He saw none of his old professors. Nothing was the same, and they didn't remember.

Two youths passed.

"Hey! Who's that?"

"I dunno. Probably some new maintenance man..."







*mr. grace*

— JOHN H. BIANCHI



